

THE
Moral and Religious Cabinet.

"To aid the cause of Virtue and Religion."

Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1808.

No. 23.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MRS. ELIZA AFMORE.

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THE prosperity of Zion lay near her heart; she truly hungered and thirsted for the salvation of souls, and, at times, travailed in birth with them, until Christ was formed in their hearts. I have often been witness to her strong cries and tears, in behalf of her unconverted relations. In a letter which she wrote to a near and dear friend, on account of one of the family, she begs his *prayer of faith*, and says, "The Lord has given *me* the spirit of prayer, of *wrestling* prayer for him, and a measure of faith, which, I think, I never experienced before. I felt power to ask his salvation for *Christ's sake*, and do yet feel power to believe, that for *Christ's sake*, the Lord will save his soul. I feel the more confident in this matter, because I found something of the same kind impressed upon my mind on account of T. C. before he became sericus. I think in general the Lord puts it into our hearts to pray, when, or before the time he intends to give the blessing. I am certain this persuasion is of God, and according to his will, because it draws my soul more powerfully to himself." She often mourned in secret over the barrenness of some places, where our lot had been cast; but whenever any fruit appeared, in whatever way or whoever were the instruments, she shared in the joy: The people of God were her chosen companions; her delight was in the saints of the earth, and in them that excelled in virtue: She had a most unfeigned love and reverence for the ministers of the Lord Jesus: and though she esteemed the ministers among the Methodists in preference to the rest, yet she highly respected all others, of every denomination, who preached the truth as it is in Jesus. She was totally delivered from that bigotry, so common and so baneful to the professors of religion; and considered *all* who loved the Lord

Jesus Christ in sincerity, and who did the will of her heavenly Father, as her brethren and sisters in the common Saviour. She had much love and compassion for the sick and poor; she frequently visited them in their afflictions, and, according to her ability, relieved them: always administering some wholesome advice to their souls. She was remarkably fond of children (though, as it pleased the Lord, she had none of her own) and had a wonderful method of speaking to them, so as to gain their attention to sacred things. She often gave them little books, particularly *Jane-way's Token*, and the *Instructions*; and, I believe, this was not in vain. Some will remember her pious sayings in days to come. I know no person to whom the words of our Lord to Nathaniel could be applied with greater propriety than to her, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." For, whatever weaknesses or imperfections she might have, hypocrisy, deceit, or guile, she abhorred in her very soul, and always evidenced the greatest uprightness and sincerity throughout the whole of her deportment. We were united together seven years, six months, and three days, in all which time I never had a real cross from her; nor did I ever expect to find in a *wife*, what I did not find in *her*. Her understanding was strong and clear; her judgment sound and good; her affection pure and disinterested: In short, God himself had prepared her for the sphere of life in which she was placed; and she was, in every sense of the word, a *help-meet for me*. She was always led to pray much before the time of our removal to another circuit, that the Lord would direct and point out our way. Her submission to the will of God, and her great disinterestedness in this matter, will fully appear from the following extract of a letter which she wrote to me at the Conference in 1790.

"At present, I feel my mind given up to the Divine will, with respect to our appointment for the ensuing year. I wish you, my dear, to be sent where you will be most useful; for, I believe, we shall be most happy there. I would not, the Lord knows, stand in the way, or hinder the conversion of *one* soul, for any

temporal convenience or enjoyment whatever. No, my dear, we have set out to do the Lord's work in *his own* way, and we must not start back, or choose *our own* way or place. Let us endeavour to be faithful, and we shall find that he will be (as glory be to his name he has ever been) a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He will divide all our difficulties for us, and will supply all our wants."

Her coming to Halifax she esteemed an answer to prayer, as she had earnestly intreated the Lord to bring her among a lively people, and it proved a very great blessing to her. She truly rejoiced in the late revival of the work of God, and was a happy sharer of it in her own soul: Indeed it was evident to all who were familiar with her, that the Lord was deepening his work in her heart, and daily preparing and ripening her for that glory into which she was so soon to enter. A few days before she was confined to her room, she said to an intimate friend, "Our time here will not be long;—will you unite with me, and let us both devote ourselves *more fully* to the Lord? For my own part, I am determined to live to *him alone*." She had laboured, at times, for several years, under that painful disorder, the *gravel*, which terminated in the *stone*; but, though she was frequently exercised with strong pain, she was always patient, and calmly resigned to the will of God. I have reason to conclude that she had serious thoughts of her dissolution being near, for several weeks before her death; though, out of tenderness, she never acknowledged it to me.

One day she was standing at her room window, which looks into the burying-ground, and observing the man preparing to dig a grave, she said to the servant with a smile, "Sally! Stephen is taking away *my grave*; I purposed to be laid in that place *myself**!" The servant replied, "I hope you will not die here." She answered, "Yes, Sally, I shall die in *Halifax*!"

* It was the next grave to one whom she dearly loved, and she desired that I would bury her as near to that person as possible.

I set out for the Conference at Bristol on Wednesday, July 16, but I never had such a parting with her before. I was very desirous to have staid with her, and would have sent my dear fellow-labourer in my room, (though I had not then the most distant idea of her being dangerous) but she would not consent. She said, "You are going, my dear, upon the Lord's work, and he will be with me in the time of your absence." She grew worse all the time I was away, though she neither informed me of it herself, nor would she permit any one else to do it, for fear of occasioning me pain. Her last letter to me (part of which she wrote in bed) dated July 31, has not a syllable in it which would give the least intimation, that she was any worse than when I left her: She says, "I am much obliged to you my dear, for proposing to come home, but I am quite satisfied that you are in the way of duty; therefore I can give you up for the time, with resignation to the Lord, who, I am fully persuaded, does all things well. I bless his name I do find that he frequently sweetens my cup with his precious love, and has, at times, enabled me to rejoice in the fire. I believe that this affliction will work for his glory, and the furtherance of my soul in conformity to his image. I can say this is what I long for; I do already feel its softening influences, through the gracious operations of his spirit, and I hope to praise him for it for ever!" This letter clearly shews the happy and resigned state of her mind.

I returned to Halifax on Wednesday, August 13, in full expectation of finding her, in a good measure, recovered; but, alas! to my great sorrow, I found her confined to her room, in bed, and so weak that she could not speak to me for some time. When I went to the bedside, and she observed my distress, she tenderly said, "My dear love, it is the Lord, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good!" After a little pause she said, "The will of the Lord be done"—which she repeated twice: Indeed it was now her meet and drink to *suffer* the will of her heavenly father, as it had been in her health to *do* it. I particularly observed, that, in all my prayers with her, when I prayed for her recovery,

(which I was led earnestly to do, even with strong cries and tears) unless I prayed with *entire* submission to the will of God, she never said *Amen*. One time perceiving me in great distress, she said, "My dear, I am afraid that I shall grieve you, and that you will think me unkind; but I am so fully satisfied that the Lord doth all things well, that I can only say, as I have said before, "His will be done."

On Wednesday, August 20 she seemed much better and I began to hope that the bitterness of death was past; especially as the physician who attended her assured me she was in no danger. I left her that evening at six o'clock, to go into the country to preach, and returned at ten, hoping to find her much better than I left her; but, while I was away, the complaint returned, and I found her in an agony of pain, yet perfectly calm in her mind, and sweetly resting in the will of God. The pain continued very severe all night, and a considerable part of the next day; but she bore it with invincible patience, and not a complaining word dropped from her lips. Jesus was with her in the furnace; she even rejoiced and triumphed in his love. She said once to me, when in extreme pain, "My dear, it will soon be over; misery I shall soon exchange for bliss." Satan was constrained to keep an awful distance; he was not permitted to touch, nor in the least to molest her.

"Not a cloud did arise,

"To darken the skies,

"Or hide for a moment,

"Her Lord from her eyes."

The only thing which seemed to give her the least degree of pain was, she plainly discovered an unwillingness in me to give her up, and several times she tenderly said, "My dear love, do give me up—do give me up—I am the Lord—he has a right to me—do let him take me." After a very severe conflict in my own mind, I found that I must resign this precious gift to HIM who gave it, and I painfully said, "The will of the Lord be done." When I told her that I had yielded her up into the Lord's hands, it seemed for a few moments to revive her; she lifted up her hands

and exclaimed, "Glory be to God! glory be to God!" She then said, "I bless the Lord, my dear, for my union with thee, and I shall praise God for it to all eternity. Never were two persons more happy in each other than we have been; we have improved our union, though not as we might have done; but the Lord forgives *all*, and that among the rest."

A little after, as I sat by the bedside, she looked with earnestness at me, and said, "The Lord will bless thee, my dear, when I am gone. I know he loves thee, and he will provide for thee. Thy maker is thy husband—thy maker—thy maker—thy maker—(O what a word is that!)—'thy maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name.' He will be better to thee, my dear, than every relation in life." After a little pause she again addressed me and said, "My dear love, if I am permitted, I will be thy *guardian*; I will watch over thee, and will wait and long for thy arrival on the blessed shore—I will welcome thee there, and *then* we shall part no more for ever!"

She then spoke to me (as we were alone) upon the circumstances of her funeral, and several other things of a private nature, with as great sensibility and recollection of mind, as I ever remember to have heard her in all my life. She called two or three times for Mr. Lomas to pray with her, and sealed his petitions with a hearty *Amen*. The last time we rose from our knees, she said, "O, Jesus is precious! Do say something of him; he is altogether lovely!"

About ten o'clock she took an affectionate leave of her dear father, and thanked him for all his care and concern for her in her infancy and childhood, and from the restraints he had laid upon her in the days of her youth and vanity.

For several hours before her exit, the clammy sweats of Death covered her, and the extremities of her body felt his cold hand. Her hands which were very cold, I kept clasped in mine for a considerable time, and once I said, "My dear, I fear these hands will never be warm again." She answered with a smile, "It mat-

ters not, it will soon be over, and I shall enter into the joy of my Lord."

About twelve o'clock it was evident that the time of her departure drew near. As I wished to know if she were still sensible, I leaned over the bed and asked, "My dear, do you know me?" She instantly turned her head, and, with a smile, said, "Know you, my dearest, yes!" She then lay quite composed, as upon the bosom of her Lord. A few minutes before her departure, the nurse heard her say with a low voice, MY GOD! MY GOD! JESUS! These were her last words, and without the least struggle, sigh, or groan, she breathed her happy spirit into HIS hands who had redeemed her to God with his own blood, on Friday morning, at half past twelve o'clock, August 22, 1794.

"Hark! she bids us all adieu,
"Some angel calls her to the spheres;
"Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,
"Through liquid telescopes of tears.
"Farewel, bright soul! a short farewel,
"Till we shall meet again above,
"In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
"And trees of life bear fruits of love.

She was interred on the Sunday following in the Methodist chapel-yard at Halifax, amidst the tears of her dear relations and Christian friends. Her funeral sermon was preached in the evening, to a crowded, weeping audience, from *Psal. cxix. 75, 76*, by my invaluable and faithful friend Mr. Pawson, who came from Liverpool to comfort me under this heavy trial. A short time after another sermon was preached for her, by my dear friend and brother Mr. Lomas, from *John i. 47*. "Behold an Israelite indeed," &c.

The memory of the just is blessed.—SOLOMON.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—DAVID.

THE INSCRIPTION UPON HER TOMB.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZA,
THE WIFE OF
CHARLES ATMORE,
V. D. M.
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
AUGUST 22, 1794,
ÆTAT. 37.

Of humble spirit, though of taste refin'd,
Her feelings tender, yet her will resign'd;
Call'd by affliction ev'ry grace to prove,
In patience perfect, and complete in love;
O'er death victorious, through her Saviour's might
She reigns, triumphant with the saints in light.

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES OF PRUDENT
ECONOMY,

*Necessary to be studied by the young, that they may practise them
when they become old.*

I. WHENEVER you feel yourself disposed to go to the tavern, club, or any place of public or private amusement, stay at home; and put down under this head what you reasonably suppose it would have cost you, had you indulged your taste for dissipation or pleasure.

II. When business can be as well dispatched by a letter as by a journey, calculate the difference in the expense, and consider it as clear gain.

III. If under the necessity of taking a journey, compare the expense of going on foot, on horse back, or in a carriage; and

whatever you save by altering your usual mode of travelling, is unquestionably so much put into your pocket.

IV. When invited to make one on a party of pleasure, in the vicinity, or to take a distant excursion, not only estimate the money it will cause you to expend, but how much you may save or earn by declining the allurements. Enter this on the credit side of your accounts.

V. When you see any fruit, tarts, trinkets, or toys, which tempt you to draw your purse, but which you can do very well without, pull out as much money as the present object of temptation would cost, and set it apart as so much gained.

VI. If you have more servants, horses, dogs, or carriages, than are necessary or suitable to your fortune and rank in life, retrench till you barely consult convenience, and in many cases the balance in your favour will be very considerable.

VII. When you ask a party of friends to dinner (for without some society life is insupportable), make out a bill of fare, equally remote from extravagance and meanness; and instead of pressing bumpers, have the good manners and good sense to let each drink as he likes; by which means your stock of wine will last the longer, and you will save yourself and company a headache, or a debauch, besides no inconsiderable charges it would have cost you to obtain this poor gratification.

N. B. This rule is to be applied to all superfluous domestic expenses.

VIII. If you have a taste for showy or useless improvements, to indulge yourself, you may make or get an estimate made of what they would cost; but put the money by for some more urgent occasion.

IX. When you see your neighbour or equal changing his furniture, or new hanging his rooms, because the fashion has changed, do not be fool enough to copy him; but think how much he spends idly, and estimate what you save wisely.

X. Never lay out your money in dress before it is wanted, on the score of comfort and decency ; nor fancy that you gain consequence in proportion to the expensiveness of your apparel. Only women and beaux value finery ; and all the world knows they are laughed at for their extravagance.

XI. Should indolence endeavour to arrest you, rouse yourself manfully ; and if you know any honest means of employing a few leisure hours to advantage, reckon how much you gain by opposing a favourite inclination.

XII. And to conclude : if you have any private expenses which may be retrenched, convert them to the use of the poor, or the benefit of your family, if you have one. Thus you will frequently save your pocket, your credit, and your constitution, three things on which a wise and good man still fixes some value, notwithstanding the vicious refinements of the age.

These rules duly observed, *mutatis mutandis*, according to age, circumstances, and situation, will tend to make men rich and respectable, enable them to do good, and promote long life and happiness.



INDOLENCE AND APPLICATION.

DURING the reign of Cosroes king of Persia, the empire was governed by a man whose private virtues could only be equalled by his public abilities ; and Mitranes was at once the friend of the sovereign, and the favourite of his people.

For several successive years, Mitranes sat at the helm of the state, and conducted the plans of that extensive empire in a manner that reflected credit upon himself, and honour upon his master.

Gratified in the possession of so faithful a servant, the king was solicitous to evince his regard, and Mitranes was loaded with unlooked-for benefits. Grateful for such proofs of his sovereign's

favour, Mitranes endeavoured to express his obligations, but instead of availing himself of the king's munificence, he solicited permission to retire from court.

This request, wholly unexpected, the Persian monarch heard with concern, and sending for the minister into his private apartment, pathetically remonstrated in the following words :

“ Why, Mitranes, would you *desert me* ? have you any *cause* of complaint ? has not the dew of my benevolence fallen upon thee ? have not my slaves been ordered to make no distinction between *thy orders* and *mine* ? have you any thing to ask that *I can grant* ? speak, and you shall be satisfied, but do not think of leaving me.”

To these affectionate and interesting interrogations, the faithful minister thus replied :

“ O king ! I have served thee with zeal and fidelity, and thou most amply hast rewarded me for it ; but *nature* now requires from me *one of its most sacred duties*. I have a son who can only learn from me, how to *serve thee* or *thy successors* ; permit me then to practise *private duties*, and, by attending to my boy's improvement, render him worthy of so great a master.”

The king listened to the reply of Mitranes with a mingled appearance of pleasure and regret ; and told him, he was ready to accede to his petition, on condition that he would educate *his son* with the same solicitude he did his own.

To this proposal the minister readily agreed, and made instant preparations to quit the court, attended by his august and royal pupil.

Six years were devoted, with unremitting labour, to the arduous task of anxious instruction ; and whilst Mitranes had the happiness of observing that his son's mind gradually improved under his careful culture, he had the mortification of finding that the young prince neither attended to his precepts, nor was directed

by his advice. At the termination of the period above described, Mitranes received a summons from the king, and presented his pupils before his royal master.

Though elated with joy at beholding his son, the king instantly observed a striking difference between his deportment and that of his young friend, and felt sensibly mortified at perceiving the disadvantage lay on the side of the young prince. A few hours conversation with them both, convinced him that his son's *mind* was no less inferior to his companion's, than his *manners*; and no longer able to conceal his chagrin, he demanded of Mitranes the *cause* of the difference; who with a mixture of candour, mortification, and regret, fully explained it in the following words:

"O king! my son has made a better *use* than *yours*, of the instruction I gave to *both*. My attention has been *equally* divided *between them*, but my son knows that *his dependance* must be on *mankind*; but I could never *conceal* from *yours*, that *men* would be *dependant* upon *him*."



GOOD IMPRESSIONS NOT ALWAYS DURABLE,

Illustrated by an Anecdote of a French Preacher.

IT is cause of regret to every good man, that good, and even deep impressions on the mind, are not invariably permanent: An impartial attention to a few citations from the Volume of Inspiration, will not suffer a doubt on this subject to remain in the breast of the reader. While the Israelites saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians, at the Red Sea, they feared, and believed the Lord and his servant Moses, Exod. xiv. 31, and chap. 15, where we have their triumphant Song recorded, which they sung to the Lord on this interesting occasion: but in the short period of about six weeks after this miraculous and gracious interposition of God, we find them murmuring against Moses and Aaron, and even impiously wishing they had died by the hand of the Lord in Egypt, chap. xvi. 2, 3. Coming to Mount Sinai,

their hopes and fears were alternately moved. On being witnesses of the awful circumstances with which the promulgation of the Law was attended. They now promised to do all that the Lord should command them. Their good resolutions however, were but short lived, as the following circumstance plainly evinces. Moses being with the Lord in the Mount; they solicited Aaron to make them a calf. The Lord, observing their idolatrous conduct, charged Moses to go down, saying, "The people whom thou broughtest out of the Land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves, and have turned aside *quickly* out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt!" Exod. xxxii. 7, 8. The subsequent part of their history, evidences an equal degree of instability. Their repentance at Mizpeh is too remarkable an event to escape our observation. The venerable Samuel had assured them, if they would return to the Lord with all their heart; and put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among them; and prepare their hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; that he would deliver them out of the hands of the Philistines. The requisition was no sooner made than complied with. They put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only, 1 Sam. vii. 3, 4. But the sacred historian informs us, they soon revolted and rejected the Lord.

If we advert to their History in the time of the Prophet Hosea, we shall have no reason to conclude, that they were more stable in the love and practice of religion, than their Fathers were. "Your goodness is as the morning cloud and as the early dew," said this Prophet, "it goeth away," Hosea. vi. 4.

It is observed by our Saviour, that the stony-ground hearers "heard the Word and received it with joy;" yet not having root in themselves, they endured only for a while; for when persecution arose on account of the Word, by and by they were offended, Matt. xiii. 20, 21. Felix trembled while Paul reasoned on Righte-

ousness, Temperance, and a Judgment to come; but dismissed his instructor, before the good impressions were confirmed; with a promise of sending for him again, at a more convenient season. St. James compares such hearers of the Gospel to a man, "beholding his natural face in a glass; who goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was," chap. i. 24, 25. The following circumstances will farther illustrate this point.

While a celebrated French Preacher was describing the last Judgment, as "bringing to light the hidden things of darkness," and representing the dreadful scenes of shame and horror which will accompany such discoveries; and also the wonderful display of Mercy, when the Redeemer shall pronounce a blessing on all humble, mourning souls, although here they might labour under many fears that they should be cast away, the hearers were moved by a contrast of different passions, to many tears. The commotion was so great among his audience; that the Preacher judged it proper to relieve them, by making a full stop for a considerable time. Resuming his discourse, he added, "I have something to say which is more affecting than any thing you have heard: It is this, that some of you who now appear to be so greatly affected with the account of a Judgment to come; will go hence, and in a few hours forget all; and when the wicked one, hath stolen away that which is sown in your hearts, you will not only continue to live in your old sins; but some of you will become more wicked than you were before!"

Whether the prediction of the Preacher was literally verified or not, we cannot determine; but it ought to suggest to the reader, the propriety of examining whether it be not descriptive of his own character.



OSTENTATION.

DO what good thou canst unknown; and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.

He that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

PLEASURE ARISING FROM BOOKS.

AT the head of all pleasures which offer themselves to the man of education, may confidently be placed that derived from books ; no other can stand in competition with it. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what a privilege should we think it ! how superior to all common enjoyments !—but in a well-furnished library we, in fact, possess this. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audience of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness, and open our doors to good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction ; with them no day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. “ Sweet pliability of man’s spirit,” cried Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his *Sentimental Journey*, “ that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments ! ”

Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the possibility of being cheaply pleased, and of the consequences it is of to the sum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the most of life as it passes.

REMARK.

THAT minister whose life is not the model of his doctrine, is a babbler rather than a preacher, a quack rather than a physician of value.

Poetry.

THE GARDENER.

AH! how dismay'd the gardener sees
The lovely blossoms on his trees
By noxious worms annoy'd;
His fruits maturing to the sight,
Despoil'd by some untimely blight,
And all his hopes destroy'd!

But when the favour'd plants appear
In all the beauty of the year,
He eyes the promis'd good:
What transports in his bosom glow,
To see the branches bending low,
Beneath their prosp'ring load!

Thus may my heavenly Gardener see
My faith still flourish like a tree
Beneath his skilful care;
Secure my boughs from cold and blight,
And view, well pleas'd, and with delight,
Himself the fruit they bear.

Hast Thou the gracious work begun?
Then shine thou all-prolific Sun,
And cheer my drooping powers:
Ah! save from the rude blast of Sin,
From every lurking foe within,
Which light and life devours.

If thus my garden Thou attend,
My branches too with fruits shall bend,
And yield a goodly store;
No drought shall fear, shall never pine,
Engrafted on the real Vine,
And fenc'd by sovereign power.